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DIRECTORS AND BRIBERY.

The Chairman of the West Side Committee of One Hundred, the Rev. John P. Peters, asks why the directors of the Metropolitan and Interurban companies are not personally denounced for sanctioning the grab legislation by which their roads seek to profit at the expense of legislative venality and corruption.

"These gentlemen," says Dr. Peters, "have the reputation of being honorable and public-spirited men. They cannot, because of this reputation, throw the blame for this thieving legislation upon their less reputable associates."

The theory upon which they act and by which they quell any qualms of conscience is that frankly confessed by one of the New Jersey trolley directors indicted for the Clifton avenue disaster. Having "secured the best men procurable," they charge them with full responsibility and hold them accountable for the road's conduct.

Responsibility is thus made to rest entirely with subordinates and to reach no higher. In the employment of money to influence legislation, as in the case of accident, the officials are the road. They are accountable for its moral as much as for its physical well-being. By this theory, there is no occasion for the head to know what the hand is doing. That being the case, why should not the directors' consciences remain clear?

A conviction that would shock directors out of this attitude of self-compacency would exercise a most wholesome influence.

BASEBALL ONCE MORE.

The rosters will resume their accustomed seats next Thursday, and the twenty-seventh year of professional baseball for the national championship will be begun.

The man who went to the old-time games as a boy and yelled himself hoarse at the brilliant work of the favorites rubs his eyes at the modern spectacle of a packed grand stand. It returns him to dreamland for a moment. There is "Burdy" guarding second as never before or since, "Pop" Anson, now a Chicago political leader, on first; Spalding, White, O'Rourke, the Wrights, Hicks, Reach, Brouthers, Allison—a great galaxy of ancient worthies, some now dead, some rich, some fallen by the wayside. Perhaps the game is as interesting as of yore; certainly it is more scientific. Did any of the ancients equal Mathewson? But the experienced eye is critical and the old thrill is gone. Possibly the observer is growing old.

What impresses him most is the financial development of baseball. When the game began to attain popular favor a generation ago there were a few clubs which, like the Cincinnati Reds, the Brooklyn Atlantics, and the New York Mutuals, could take the monetary risk of a tour. It was a day of rented grounds, flimsy grand stands and crude provision for player and spectator. There were no \$10,000 "prize beauties"—the Kelly precedent had not been set.

There are now nearly 1,600 professional ball players in the various leagues, National, American, Eastern, New England, etc. The managers' salary list has become a budget of large proportions. The investment in grounds, the travelling and training expenses, and all the various necessities for outgo entail enormous expenditure. But the income is one to correspond. The great number of paid admissions to games, with the higher cost of seats, produces a revenue which makes bank stock dividends possible for the stockholders of a winning club.

Since 1876 Boston has won the National League championship eight times, Chicago six, New York two. There are prophets who award this year's honors in advance to Cincinnati, while expecting New York to win the American pennant. But the season is young and the future a free-for-all in which any prophet may enter.

College Boys' Choice of Studies.—Yale freshmen are now given the liberty of choosing what courses of study they will pursue. Whether such freedom of choice in a boy of eighteen is desirable is a question. Max Muller, who lived to become one of the most celebrated Oxford professors of his time and whose reputation as a Sanscrit scholar is world-wide, records in his autobiography that his choice of studies in university days was most unsatisfactory to him in later life.

EASTER BRIDES.

To-day the spring marrying season begins, to reach its culmination with the crop of June brides. Easter week witnesses many weddings, an accumulation of matches the bans of which were postponed by Lenten prohibition.

In Newport Croesus marries to-morrow, and the eyes of all the world that is without the sacred pale are curiously turned that way. Society itself is rushing there by special train. The preparations have been on a scale of unprecedented magnificence. Upholsterer and caterer have been busy with carte-blanche orders, and not a lily is left with the florists. The guinea stamp is on everything. No bank vault being secure enough to guard the wedding gifts, detectives watch by night and the eye of the chief of police is over it all.

Happy bride, lucky bridegroom, to begin their union under such halcyon auspices! But some other brides-to-be engage our attention especially, even though they are at the other end of the social scale. They are the New Haven factory girls, eighteen of them corset makers, eleven employees in the rubber shops and others in the cartridge factory, who left their benches and work tables last week in groups to get their trousseaus ready.

No Worth dresses or Fifth avenue frock coats at these ceremonies, but the bride's the bride for all that, and her happiness is not qualified by any scarcity of diamonds. No millionaire is promising to love, honor and cherish her, but perhaps a Governor-to-be or a Senator is standing at the altar with her; perhaps a future president of the Steel Trust. In the bottom of her heart she knows that he deserves to be, and that is enough.

A HALF-CENTURY ENGAGEMENT.

Sympathy is invited for the sad case of T. J. Miller, chairman, and Miss Joanna Mills, whose sentimental attachment of half a century is ended by Mr. Miller's death. They were sweethearts in the long ago, but the marriage was deferred until the lover could acquire more of the world's goods. That time seems not to have arrived, and the couple were old and the lady's waning beauty and declining health was matched by the man's pre-

erence for the comforts of his club. But for fifty years his attentions to Miss Mills were constant and delicate. Apparently Miller was a very preux chevalier of chivalry to his innamorata. Yet was he not really one of the most selfish of men in delaying and eventually by his laziness defeating the marriage that should have been made half a century ago? The love of the good things of life which makes cowards of many bachelors made a conspicuous one of Miller.

Cheer Away Dyspepsia.—Isaac B. Price, Greenpoint's centenarian, attributes his long life to his thorough mastication of food. "If people nowadays would take time to chew properly there would not be so much in the world of indigestion or dyspepsia," says Mr. Price. It is good dietetic philosophy. Did not Gladstone recommend the chewing of each mouthful of food thirty-two times?

THE OLD JOKES' HOME



It was a wild, wintry day without, but as the poet sank back in his old, thread-bare easy chair he received a gentle reminder of spring

BEEN the week right. Send for one of our handsome S. P. C. H. badges and be empowered to take old jokes into custody like the above, which was captured on Broadway by J. Hayden-Clarendon, S. P. C. H. J. Hayden-Clarendon has a hyphen as big as a horse, at least his hyphen is as large as Joe-Miller's, the good old chestnut who draws the busy blue ambulance. If you doubt his statement, measure the hyphen. When J. Hayden-Clarendon first obtained his badge and became an officer of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Humor, his hyphen was hardly perceptible. Now, as you note, it is most pronounced. There is no larger hyphen in the city than Officer J. Hayden-Clarendon's; compare it with the Waldorf-Astoria's and see for yourself.

Send a two-cent stamp to Prof. Josh M. A. Long for one of the handsome S. P. C. H. badges. They can be worn with or without a hyphen.

If you haven't a badge you have no authority.

Pushed from Poughkeepsie.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:

The following joke is so played out I thought it would only be humane to let it rest in your happy home:

Why is an infant like a diamond? Because it is a dear little thing.

P. A. M., S. P. C. H., Poughkeepsie.

The Harlem Terror.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:

Why is a kiss over the telephone like a straw hat? Because it can't be felt.

WILLIAM PATRICK LYONS,

the Harlem Terror, S. P. C. H., No. 153 East One Hundred and Twenty-fifth street.

Grabbed at Gravesend.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:

Please send the Blue Ambulance for these:

Did you hear the tale of the peacock?

No.

It's a long one.

What's the difference between a faller and a jeweller?

One watches the cells and the other sells the watches.

WILLIAM BURKE, Gravesend.

From Newark, N. J.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:

I will send these few along, but I need the Blue Ambulance for I have a few more chained in the cellar:

Passenger (at a railroad lunch-room)—Walter, what have you got to eat here?

Walter—I haven't got to eat anything. I only work here. President Roosevelt has ordered three carloads of chalk.

What for?

Why, he wants to Mark Hanna.

A tailor was arrested for stealing a peck measure from a peddler. He was brought up before the Judge.

Judge—Officer, what is the charge against this man.

Officer—For stealing a peck measure from a peddler.

Judge—Discharged! How dare you arrest a tailor for taking a man's measure?

J. C. WOLTERS, No. 99 Mulberry street, Newark, N. J.

Sent in by Silberstein, S. P. C. H.

Prof. Josh M. A. Long:

Jinks—A horse ran away with my brother and he hasn't been out for three weeks.

Binks—That's nothing. Why, my brother ran away with a horse and he hasn't been out for three months.

Kind Old Lady (to tramp)—My dear man, would you like a bite?

Tramp—No, ma'am. At the last house the dog chased me and gave me a big enough bite.

Teacher—Remember, boy, no man ever left this earth and returned.

Boy—Oh, yes, ma'am, there was one.

Teacher—Who was that?

Boy—It was Santos Dumont.

ALFRED J. SILBERSTEIN, No. 227 East Twenty-third street.

PLENTY OF ROOM.

"Yes," said the delectable bore, "at that moment my heart was in my mouth."

"Of course, that didn't inconvenience you," said the sarcastic person, "for your heart is so small and your mouth is so big."—Baltimore Herald.

EXPERIENCE.

If you have stood 'neath Error's tree

And eaten of her fruits,

You need not feel too grievously

The things the world imports.

And you needn't feel too lonely,

With shame your lips are mute,

For you are not the only one

Who's fed on Error's fruit.

I have tasted of the bitter fruits

Of that most potent tree,

I know from past experience

How bitter they can be.

Yet I would not sell my knowledge

For all the world contains.

For I'm safe from future errors

While the bitter taste remains.

—CORA GREENLEAF, Norway, Me.

HASTY HELEN PUNISHES A MASHER, AND IS SORRY.



She starts for the matinee. A young man smiles at her. She takes the law into her own hands. Finds he's her rich young cousin from Peoria. And takes him to the matinee.

WHEN "M. D." STANDS FOR "MUSICAL DOCTOR."



The Society for the Culture of Musical Therapeutics advocates music as an aid to doctors in banishing pain.

Shortly, doctors all, perhaps you'll "shake" the lancet, pill and capsule For adagio sonatas or a fugue or two by Bach, And some rag-time from Beethoven or a nocturne by De Koven Will lead you to give plasters, salves and stimulants the sack.

Some of the Best Jokes of the Day.

EASY TO SIZE UP.

Kwoter—You can never judge a man by his clothes. Newitt—Unless he's clothed in a little brief authority. It's easy to size him up then.—Philadelphia Press.

EVIDENCE.

"They say that a man can't tell a lie with his hands open." "Yes, and I have evidence of it." "What?" "You clenched your fists when you called me a scoundrel the other day."—Brooklyn Eagle.

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HOME FUN FOR THE YOUNG FOLKS.

FIND HIM.



Where is the guide?

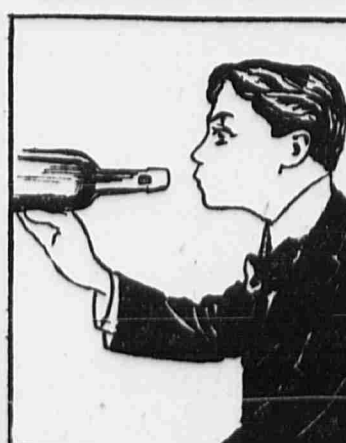
HYPNOTIZE A ROOSTER.

This is a trick impossible to explain, but testified to by a sportsman. Buy, borrow or annex a rooster; bring him to your party with his wings held tight to the sides, says the Philadelphia North American. Put him on a table, bend his back down as straight as possible; then have some one draw a line from his back very slowly down the table. Tackling brass and sounding cymbals will not arouse him. Why?

FORTUNES BY DOMINOES.

This is quite an amusing indoor game if you have a set of dominoes. Take the dominoes and shuffle them well on a table face down; draw five and note significance below: Double six denotes receipt of money. Six-five, amusements. Six-four, much happiness. Six-three, great affection. Six-two, economical and industrious. Six-one, rich at middle age. Six-blank, will hear of death of a great friend. Double five, will be very lucky. Five-four, will marry poor. Five-three, ample means and eventual wealth. Five-two, unfortunate love affairs. Five-one, an invitation to an enjoyable affair. Five blank, avoid gambling. Double four, lucky to lovers and farmers. Four-three, have neither riches nor poverty. Four-two, change in circumstances. Four-one, have ample means. Four-blank, quarrels and separations. Double three, immense riches. Three-two, fortunate in love. Three-one, not favorable to any one. Three-blank, your sweetheart is deceiving you. Double two, success and will be thrifty. Two-one, a life of luxury. Two-blank, will have poverty. Double ace, constancy in marriage state. Ace-blank, will travel in great luxury. Double blank, you are selfish and miserly and heartless.

BLOW CORK IN BOTTLE.



In the picture a boy is trying to blow a small cork placed in the neck of a bottle right into the bottle, but as he blows hard the cork flies out and hits him in the face. Your friend would take the same course if he did not know that the feat cannot be done by hard blowing. Take a pipe stem, place it near the cork, and blow. The cork will then slide into the bottle easily enough, because by blowing gently you give the air already in the bottle a chance to come out and so make room for the cork.

FORFEIT GAME.

Say "Quizzical quiz, kiss me, quick," six times fast without taking breath. Repeat the letters of the alphabet fast three times, leaving out the letter "o" each time. Ask a question to which it is impossible to answer "no." The question is what does "yes" spell.

LETTERS, QUESTIONS, ANSWERS.

What to Play at a Concert.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I am sixteen, and a good pianist. What pieces would you advise me to take now? I play Nerval, Mozart, Bach and a number of the other masters. I am going to play at a recital before many distinguished critics and I would like to get some new music.

DCES PUELLAN.
Chopin's nocturnes, waltzes and impromptus are always good, as are Schumann's "Novellettes," "Papillon's" &c., also compositions by Chaminade for lighter music.

Thursday.
To the Editor of The Evening World: On what day of the week did June 14, 1858, fall?

Straight Beats Both Hands.
To the Editor of The Evening World: In a poker game A says a straight beats two pair; B says a straight beats three of a kind. Which is right?

Mrs. M.
Few Happy First Loves.

To the Editor of The Evening World: In answer to Miss Margaret L., who asks: "How many marry their first loves?" the saying "Whom first we love we seldom wed" is a true one. In my estimation the percentage who have married their first loves would be a very small one. I know I didn't marry mine.

A. F.

Asks if There Are Others.

To the Editor of The Evening World: I would like to know from readers if they know any girl as tall for her age as I and who weighs as much. I am about 5 feet 5 inches and weigh about 170 pounds and am seventeen years old. Both my friends and myself are anxious to know if my size is very much out of the ordinary.

STEVILLE BODEN.
The average weight for a woman 5 feet 5 inches tall is about 140 pounds.

ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.



Look, children! On our Pedestal Stands worthy Mister Sturgis. His duty as you've heard, no doubt! Is to put angry flames to rout. Instead, he put Chief Clegg out. And now, for him, Comptroller Grant. The same kind treatment urged.